McKean County Miner.

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NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

McKean County Miner

I. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

Official Directory.

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Lieutenant Governor—J. Waltres,
Secretary—Hiff N. Boyer
Auditor General—Thomas McCamant,
Supt. of Internal Affairs—Thos. J. Stewart.

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County Clerk—M. E. Greer Smethport
County Treasurer—M. Smith, Wetmore
Jury Commissioners—A. Beard, Bradford J. O. Liddell, Smethport.
Auditors—A. N. Beard, Bradford J. O. Liddell, Smethport.
Coroner—F. P. Stevens Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—W. A. Young Farmers Valley
Surveyor—F. P. Stevens Bradford.
County Superintendent—W. F. Fickes, Smethport.

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Supervisors—W. D. Gaffey
Constable—John Forrest, Smethport; H. Fuller, Hamlin; H. L. Burlingame, Keating; Frank Shook, Port Allegany; Wm. Hackett, Eldred; J. M. Smith, Port Allegany.
Justices—G. M. Smith, P. Ford.
Constable—H. L. Burlingame.
School Director—K. L. Keenan, D. L. Young, Smethport; A. Morrison, K. L. Mix, N. J. Gifford, Wm. Hastings.
Collector—J. A. Jordan.
Auditors—John Hungerford
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Auditors—W. H. Gallup, J. McCarty, J. C. Hastings.
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Inspectors of Election—W. W. Hotchkiss, D. F. Keefe.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, First Monday in June and October and Second Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 351, meets on the second and Fourth Wed nesday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. Meeting at Masonic Hall Main street, Smethport. W. M. F. FICKES. W. M.
H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 27 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. M. McKeever, Chief Patriarch.
J. H. PAYNE, Scribe.

O. A. E.—McKean Post No. 81 meets First and Third Thursdays even day of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall in the Block.
H. H. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Q. Master.

W. K. C.—Meets Wednesday evenings in A. O. U. W. Hall, in the Block.
MRS. HANNAH M. VICARY, Pres.
MRS. HATTIE CHAMBERS, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA.—Key about Knights appointed. Meets Tuesday Thursday evenings in I. O. O. F. Hall
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F. A. THOMAS, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 197 meets second, fourth and third last Tuesday even ings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall Block.
CHAS. CRAMMER, M. W.
SHERMAN GORTON, Recorder.

K. of L.—Smethport Union No. 5,970 meets second and fourth Wednesday evenings in I. O. O. F. hall.
J. J. KWAPP, President.
MRS. M. M. VICARY, Secretary.

R. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent No. 8, meets every Monday night in I. O. O. F. hall, Block.
WM. MCCAMMAN, C. K.
E. F. WALKER, K. R.

U. W. B. A.—Smethport Branch 81 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Beeches block at 7:30 p. m.
THOMAS LEACH, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m. in their hall Beeches Block. MRS. M. E. STEVENS, President.
MRS. M. E. EDGERTON, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist Ep.—REV. K. F. HELMS Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning service. Class meeting at 12 m. Sunday. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meetings every alternate Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Class Meeting on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Episcopal.—REV. G. W. HALDWELL, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Ladies Aid meetings Saturday before the third Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—REV. HERBERT MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services as announced. Bible school at 9:30 a. m. Holy communion first Sunday in each month at 10:30 a. m.

Zion Church's Reformed Chapel East Smethport. REV. J. HERBERT MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Bible School every Sunday at 2 p. m. The ladies guild meets every Friday at 2 p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church. J. J. GILLIS Pastor. Mass at 10 a. m. on second and fourth Sunday. Mass at 10 a. m. Services on 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Hamlin.

Union Services at Rising Sun Corners school house East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock by REV. A. ANDREWS. Sabbath school immediately after the preaching.

Universalist. P. W. MYMAN Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. Class meeting Sunday school at 11:30 a. m. Class meeting 10 a. m. and after every preaching. Children's Meeting Saturday 1 to 2 p. m. All are invited.

Congregational church.—J. M. Leach pastor. Services every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW Offices: Pompeian Hall, Bradford Pa.

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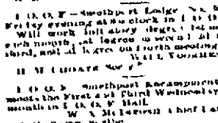

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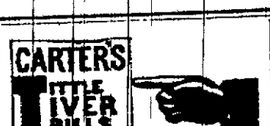

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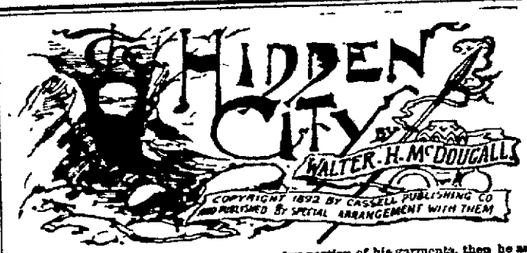

CHAPTER X.
IN THE UNDER WORLD.

A form came splashing through the water

There was not a ray of light the very darkness seemed to press upon him bodily and the silence was only broken by that ceaseless murmur of the swollen river. He fancied every moment that he heard Chalpa or one of his companions returning. He could scarcely believe that they really meant to leave him there. But the minutes passed, he could now hear his heart beating in a tumult of mingled dread and vexation. Angry resentment against Kulcan, Ikilapel and Jan-ila burned in his bosom, alternating with regret and despair when he thought of Lela, probably also a victim to Chalpa's wiles.

He suddenly a distant sound fell upon his ears. He raised his head to listen. It came muffled to him as of blows upon stone then a sound of falling masonry clear and distinct, though far away. Was help coming to him even now? He lay flat upon his back, bound hand and foot and already felt stiff and feeble. He hoped they would hurry this irksome position and continued strain was not the best treatment for a convalescent. How long they were in coming! He tried to wait patiently to think of other things, in order to distract his mind for he felt that they might be longer in the search or him than his captors had been in bringing him there. Perhaps they might wander off into other passages, too, before they reached him.

He tried to be patient and to wait with a sense mind. A long time elapsed, he thought that he had been there for perhaps two hours and began to feel again the horrible creeping dread. The idea now occurred to him that the noises he had heard had been caused by Chalpa blocking up the mouth of the tunnel. This came with the force of conviction to his mind and took his breath away. His mind reeled with the thought of dying in this manner and he almost lost consciousness.

Then came another accession of courage and he tried to remember how long human endurance would resist death by starvation. Men have lived for long for days then died in wild insanity, unconscious of suffering. Must he lie there and feel death creeping closer in that black vault—a death full of nameless terrors unseen horrors, unable even to struggle against it—or beat his hands against the prison walls—without one ray of light? He tried to turn over, intending to make an effort to hobble on his knees back toward the entrance, but he was too stiff and feeble to more than raise his head and shoulders by pressing his elbows upon the floor. After a half minute's struggle he sank back with a groan.

Benumbed and lethargic he began to hear strange music the songs of birds the lowing of cattle and the barking of dogs and then sinful gleams of light danced and flickered before his eyes. Yet he knew they were unreal—that the silence of the grave encompassed him, and that his unruly brain engendered them. Then suddenly in the midst of these he heard a real sound so clear and distinct that it smote upon his ear like a bell a tolling. It was the sound of water rippling and dashing close to his side. With silvery cadence it splashed and gurgled, and he felt its presence in the sudden coolness and dampness that it brought. With every sense alert he listened. It was close beside him. What could it mean? It flowed thus for awhile, and then its splashing seemed to cease, and there remained a gentle rippling. Then, to his horror, he felt its icy touch upon his feet, and in a moment it was round and about him, lapping his body hungrily.

It rose rapidly. He could feel it coming up and swelling against his sides. He had raised his head when he first began to listen, and when he let it fall now the water was above his chin. He raised his head again, and then began another struggle to lift himself upon his feet. He gained his knees, his head reeling with the effort, the water was already up to his waist. He swayed from side to side, scarcely able to support himself. Cold shivers racked him, he trembled as with an ague, and he felt that in another minute he would lose consciousness.

Then, white life seemed just departing, he—almost disbelieving—saw a light approaching, and a form came splashing through the water, and he was seized by a strong hand. How his life and strength came surging back! He heard the words.

"A moment more and old Listah would have been too late" and then Listah cut the thongs which bound his arms, and reaching down into the water severed those about his feet. "Hasten, Quetzal, or we shall die like rats in a trap! Follow thy servant quickly."

It was no easy matter; but a few stumbling steps brought the blood into circulation, and leaning upon the old man he staggered on. Up they went, the water decreasing in depth at every step until at last Listah stopped, saying:

"We are safe here, for we are above the river's surface. Now rest awhile, and then we will eat. Then my master will strike and punish the accursed of Atulan, the cheating Chalpa, will he not?"

Eric said nothing. He looked at Listah, wondering by what strange providence he had found him and saved his life. After a moment he drew his revolver and examined it. The waterproof cartridges, he knew, were able to withstand a severer soaking. He wiped the weapon upon the bosom of his Atulan tunic, the only dry portion of his garments, then he answered Listah:

"Yes, my brother, I will repay Chalpa, and speedily. But tell me how you found me?"

"Last night I, thy servant—abroad from my hiding place under the city—saw them seize thee. Fearing them, I made no outcry, but followed stealthily. They disappeared in the old tomb, and when they emerged I saw that they had left my master within. When they departed I entered, and, lo, they had filled in a passageway of which I know not the existence. I flew to my hidden place, and since then I have searched for access to this tunnel under the river. Many passages I searched and found thee not but when I found the water I knew I was on the right trail. They have made an opening on the river shore, and into it the water is pouring. They think thee dead drowned like a rat. Aha!" Old Listah fell to chuckling.

And Lela, what of her? And Ikilapel?"

"In truth, I know nothing. My vow ended today, but I have spoken to no man yet until I saw thee!"

"Then we must be up and at work for they may be in danger also. Lead the way, Listah, and let us get out quickly and be at them."

"Nay," said Listah, "my master must remain hidden while Listah goes forth to discover what has been done. But first we will go to a more convenient place where you may rest until I return."

Listah took up the torch and led the way to his hiding place.

CHAPTER XI
OUT OF DARKNESS.

He discovered that he overlooked the great estufa

When they reached Listah's chosen retreat after threading the maze of the many devious passages, the priest counseled Eric to take some food and lie upon his bed while he reconnoitered. So Listah left him and he had himself down on the rude couch. He could not sleep of course, for his mind was too agitated.

It was now midday as Listah had told him, and a little farther down the passage in which the old recluse had made his home there shone one shaft of clear ray of light from above. It fell illuminating one little spot. He went to it and saw a small opening in the wall a few feet above his head. He stood in a ling directly upward along the line of light and saw that it came through a trapdoor in the roof of an apartment above.

Placing several large stones together, he was enabled to peer through the opening, and discovered that he overlooked the great estufa, the sacred council chamber and secret room of the Kahlo. It was deserted and dark but his eye, accustomed now to intense gloom, could discern every feature of the great room into which he had never before penetrated.

It was arranged like an amphitheater, with a capacity of perhaps two hundred people. In the center stood the hideous image of Chalcu, the god to whom the fearful human sacrifices were devoted. Barbaric and rude misshapen and ugly as it was the image awe like from its terrible import a thrill of momentary awe even in his bosom.

How many lives had been given to this ancient idol how many fair throats had poured forth their virgin blood upon its altars in the long ages of his dread reign!

The image had been he could see, newly painted, and the gold and silver upon its polished until it glowed in the darkness with a semblance of life. Two immense emeralds were its eyes. They were turned toward him and seemed full of dark fire, as though the god saw him spying there. The effect of dignity was lessened by the row of ancient but very precious sea shells that formed the teeth of this terror of Atulan. They made its smile more terrible to its votaries perhaps but to Eric they reduced the god's dignity to grotesqueness. This element of the grotesque grew upon him as he gazed at it standing there, solemnly, like a Mardi Gras relic, a monument to the folly and the debasement of man.

As he looked the light grew dim and faded suddenly. A figure came down the ladder, then another, and he saw Chalpa and his assistant, Tepelpec, a weazened, pockmarked villain, standing before him by the side of the idol.

Chalpa examined it carefully and remarked:

"He is dry now. We can take him out and set him on his pedestal at once. How handsome he looks in his new dress!"

"He is delighted at the prospect," rejoined Tepelpec. "I'll wager no Katun feast was ever graced by such a beauty as Lela. The god looks hungry, too, methinks."

"Ha!" ejaculated Chalpa. "Fifty-two years of fasting would make even Chalcu hungry. It comes all too rarely, this feast. It should occur every twenty years. But he will feast well and nobly! Is everything prepared?"

"Everything, although the victim is far from feeling disposed to go willingly. She will not drink the sacred altai, and I fear that she will make us trouble to the last."

"Perhaps," replied Chalpa with a grin full of triumph and hate. "But go she shall; quietly if she will, or in our tender hands if she is unruly. And the people—are they quiet, think you?"

"Too quiet; I fear there is a strong undercurrent of feeling against this sacrifice which only needs stirring to become an open protest. They seem to think that you have taken some unfair advantage of the girl." As Tepelpec said this he cast a quick, sly glance at his superior.

Chalpa started and glared at his assistant:

"What do you mean? Do you dare to say"— He hesitated.

"Nothing, father, nothing, only—I have heard a word or two now and then that seemed ominous."

"By Chalcu, I would like to hear such a word! The lips that uttered it would utter no more lies. And remember, keep watch over your own tongue lest it slip and lead you to destruction."

"I speak to no one," answered Tepelpec, "but to you. From you, I think, I need conceal nothing. We, I hope, understand one another. I know that you have long desired to be revenged upon the girl, and that you would hesitate at nothing, my master, to accomplish your ends—even unfairness"——

"You dog!" cried Chalpa, "do you dare to think that I would cheat in this solemn and fearful duty?"

"Pray talk not of duty, dear father; here, alone, we need conceal nothing. I am not your slave! I fear you not, and I dare tell you that I think you a most admirable master of trickery, one who would steal the snake's fangs from him without his knowing it. Believe me, I admire you, and I am proud to aid you in your plans."

Chalpa, pale with rage, sprang upon the smaller man, seized him by the throat and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Miserable son of a polecat, thy drivelings bespeak thee an idiot! I have a mind to kill you now at Chalcu's feet!"

Tepelpec's eyes and tongue were protruding when Chalpa cast him loose, and he staggered for a few moments.

"Kill me, Chalpa," he cried, "aye, and in one hour the people will know how you swindled them! They will see the crafty Chalpa in a new light, as one who seeks his private ends in their public matters, who takes their maidens to the feet of the god because they will not love him, who juggles with the sacred dice and with such solemn mien tricks the simple worshipers. Ah, they will relish learning how they have been deceived!"

Chalpa stood thunderstruck, such effrontery he knew, of course, was backed by knowledge of his evil ways.

"There is a person," Tepelpec went on, who knows it all and has the proofs. If I disappear he is instructed to publish the truth immediately. So, my father when you kill me you merely pull the whole edifice of fraud down upon your own head. You will not be so foolish. No, you will cherish Tepelpec as your son and assistant who can help you well. You need a faithful, trustworthy accomplice in the game you are playing for you cannot carry things with such a high hand against the people as you did against Quetzal—they are too many. Ikilapel and Kulcan have many friends—they will not all believe so readily our story that we saw Quetzal go up the cliff and disappear. They will suspect you perhaps, and you need help to deceive them."

Eric could see that Chalpa was confounded. Full of vexation he hung between his wrath and his fear for awhile. Then, assuming an air of unconcern, he exclaimed

"So friend, you play the spy upon me! Well, so be it. I see that I will attack at present to win the place and power I desire. You can help me, and you shall have your share. Let us now hasten, for tomorrow's sun will see all that will make or mar our fortunes."

Everything is ready and awaiting only your orders. Kulcan Ikilapel and Jan-ila are one and as you commanded, in separate rooms in the temple. The old man is obdurate he swears we have killed Quetzal, but Kulcan may yet yield to save his precious life."

The cruel, hungry smile crossed Chalpa's face.

"He will not save it even then, the coward! I am sorry I did not place him beside the false Quetzal, they would be beneath the water together and cease to vex me."

The maiden is at the house of her grandmother, old Intza, whom I have commanded to prepare her for her fate. She is haughty and will not speak to me. I visited her but now, but I saw her not. Still she is well guarded by men armed with Quetzal's axes. We can thank him for this blessing."

"I will talk with her," said Chalpa, his eyes lighting with a steely glitter in the gloom. "She will listen to me! Hark! What was that?"

It was a slight noise that made both start, caused by Listah, who, returning along the passage, stumbled over a stone. He stopped at once, seeing Eric's upraised finger, and stood motionless. Chalpa and Tepelpec, like two alarmed rats, peered in every direction in silence for awhile. Then Tepelpec said:

"It was nothing—a loose stone perhaps." They nonchalantly ascended the ladder and disappeared.

All the while Eric's hand had been on his weapon, but he was loath to kill them in cold blood, although he had fully determined to slaughter Chalpa as he would a rattlesnake or a rabid dog simply to rid the earth of a vicious and dangerous animal. It had become simply a question of self defense, and although he had been long in arriving at such a decision he was resolved to carry it out. In this he was justified, inasmuch as Chalpa had twice attempted his life, and would certainly kill him if he had another opportunity. He could not invoke the law in Atulan with any sense of security, and he would be his own law and rid the city of a base scoundrel.

When the two had gone he stepped down and related their conversation to Listah. When he had concluded the latter said:

"Tepelpec is right—there is much objection to the sacrifice. People are saying it is time to abolish it. They say that Quetzal was averse to it, and they believe he will return in time to prevent it too. They seem about divided. Some fear Chalpa and side with him."

"Did you see Ikilapel?"

"Yes," replied Listah. "He is guarded by my nephew Azan, and he permitted me to speak to the high priest. He was filled with sorrow, for he thought you dead. He did not believe that you had left us, as Chalpa has said, but he feared that you were murdered. When I told him you were here he almost wept for joy. He brightened up and appeared younger. He has told me how to get to the vault under the temple by the secret door which you know, he says, and we are to go there and be ready to rescue Lela tomorrow noon. He thinks it wise to wait until then."

"Did you see Lela?" asked Eric, his patience giving way entirely.

"No; she is with her grandmother. But Bari, my wife, is one of the weavers and is allowed to see her, you can send her a message and comfort her."

"Let us do so at once," cried Eric. "She must be told, for that her heart is breaking I know too well. Go to her and tell her all. Give her this knife and tell her to use it upon Chalpa if he becomes too dangerous, but also tell her to be cautious and keep our secret well. Go quickly—I will await here patiently."

Listah turned off, Gilbert following the passage, but slowly. The latter accustomed to the dark ways, could move rapidly, and he soon vanished. In less than thirty minutes he reappeared smiling.

"She is happy," he said. "Chalpa has been there, but she taunted and defied him, and he feared to touch her because the people would know of it and be shocked. She is now sacred in their eyes. Jan-ila has been released, for they think him not dangerous, I suppose, and he will be there soon with food and your long absence will be noted. You must take, if he can bring it without detection. Everybody is busy preparing for tomorrow, and perhaps he will not be observed. We must meet him. Follow me."

They walked down the crypt until they came to a spot where there was an opening into an unused apartment; the roof had fallen in and choked the tunnel, but there was room for a man to squeeze through. Once in the room above it was easy to pass into another.

"Here comes Jan-ila at last," said Eric as the youth began to descend the ladder from the room above. He carried with much difficulty a huge bundle of fire wood—light branches, such as were used as fuel for the temple. When he reached the foot of the ladder he fell on his knees and embraced Eric's legs with many protestations of joy.

"I did not believe you dead, my master. I knew you would return. I have brought the rifle and the cartridge belt; now we can rescue Ikilapel and Kulcan. There are many whom I can trust with you. Chalpa is feared more than he is loved, and when they see you many will desert him. Let us hurry."

"Hasten slowly, my lad. We will wait for the proper moment, then with due effect and the pomp of our surroundings we will march forth. Chalpa so that he will not see again."

"See!" said Jan-ila, breaking into his bundle of fagots, in which he had concealed the rifle, "I have brought food and cartridges."

"That more to the point, for I am nearly starved," answered his master. "But first we will go to the chamber under the temple. There we can be near Ikilapel and be ready at any moment to show us the way. Listah!"

They followed the old man, who held a candle aloft, and after a journey of perhaps a half hour came to a stop before an apparently solid wall of large stones. Eric recognized the great slab in the center as a door similar to the one Ikilapel had opened when they had inspected the treasure vault.

They passed through and along the passage again until they came upon the treasure house of Atulan, filled to overflowing with the accumulated wealth of centuries, the forgotten nations. Even old Listah lost his typical reserve and burst into astonished exclamations, while Jan-ila walked around among the various ancient, almost priceless relics with open eyed and open mouthed wonder. It was truly a remarkable spectacle. More wealth in gold and silver lay there unguarded, unheeded, than the banks of the entire world could command. Its introduction into the commerce of the United States would revolutionize all the markets on earth! Half—yes, one-eighth of it was a colossal fortune, the wealth that Pizarro, Cortes and their followers ravished from Peru and Mexico was equaled and surpassed by this treasure.

"It is the treasure of the gods" said Listah finally. "It belongs to them—yes, and it belongs to Quetzal!"

"It is not for us at any rate," rejoined Jan-ila. "I would not know what to do with it if I had it."

"Nor I," Listah replied, "but Quetzal knows. I would wager, and many wonderful things he could make for us. For me one good ax or knife of his wondrous new iron that he calls iron is worth all this great pile."

There was a strong fascination in the hoard to Eric. He felt a sort of miserly greed creep over him as his eyes roved over the mass, the old vases full of gold dust, strangely shaped utensils and furniture, meaningless trappings of all sorts, shapes and sizes aroused his antiquarian interest and his cupidity at the same time, for there were fortunes in single objects lying there upon the tiled pavement, relics of the prehistoric past that nations would vie with one another to secure—not for their intrinsic value alone, but for their ethnological interest.

A great golden calendar, a circular disk, with strange obsolete characters all over its surface, lay against the wall. What a prize for a museum! Eric noticed several figures of animals well modeled in gold, and among them stood a regal elephant with greatly curved tusks. He looked sharply at it, and it he started he realized that it was a model in miniature of the extinct mammoth!

"There are pictures of them in the sacred books," said Jan-ila when Eric had pointed out this wonder, "for I have seen them often. The pictures show men spearing them and being trampled under foot by these same monsters."

They lost no more time, but started at once for the chamber under the temple, for Eric remembered well the way now, and they reached it in a few minutes. Noiselessly they entered it, and the two priests reverently, for both had been there before on solemn occasions. This room held the ark of the Atulan faith, Quetzal's vessel, and it was a sacred apartment, into which none but priests ever ventured. Listah extinguished the candle as soon as they were fairly in the cellarlike chamber. A few narrow shafts of light shot through the crevices, but they could see that the light was dim and that darkness was rapidly approaching. They heard footsteps upon the floor above, but they ceased a moment later.

They waited a full hour in deep silence and almost complete darkness; then Eric reached out and touching Jan-ila upon the shoulder drew him close and whispered.

"You go up the ladder and lift the trapdoor silently and carefully. If no one is in sight, slip out into the room and then outdoors to find Ikilapel. If he is there, call him softly and tell him we are here, ready to act. Be very careful, my boy, and don't get nervous."

Without answering Jan-ila quickly mounted the ladder, and after a moment's pause cautiously and almost imperceptibly opened the trapdoor. They saw him disappear through it, and it was closed softly.

An hour elapsed, and then Eric went up, and lifting the trapdoor peered out. A dark form, and one which he did not recognize, sat in the doorway motionless. Its back was toward him. He raised the door higher; he could see no body in the room. While he stood there wondering, looking upward he saw the opening in the floor above fill up with a dark object, and he quickly closed the trapdoor and held his hand close under it.

Not a sound reached him, but a long interval he felt the door slowly drew away from it and descended the ladder. A pair of legs appeared, and then the form of Jan-ila, who closed the door after him. He had scarcely taken a step, a moment's

all this time. Grasping Eric's hand he whispered:

"Ikilapel was upon the roof, and I went to him; I could have escaped down the outside pathway, but I wished to return to you, for you will need me. Am the Sleepy One, guards Ikilapel; Kulcan is confined in Chalpa's house, and Ikilapel fears that they will prevail upon him to side with Chalpa after all. The people are greatly excited and ready for almost anything. Kulcan's attitude will influence him of your safety. Am sent to be informed, I believe, to come over to us and carry word to Kulcan, for he—Kulcan—will never weaken if he knows you are alive. What thinks my wise master?"

Eric pondered awhile; he knew Kulcan's weakness and shared Ikilapel's fear, yet he dared not depend upon Kulcan's a tool of Chalpa's, and one who might betray them. He knew that the element of surprise would be the greatest factor in the next day's work, and to desired most of all that Chalpa should remain in ignorance of his escape until the last moment. Many plans came to him. At first the thought of sending Listah or Jan-ila to Chalpa under pretense of relaination came into his mind, but he feared to lose two services of either in this crisis. Other plans as weak presented themselves, were dismissed, and then he thought of Lela. He rapidly scanned his chances of getting to her. Jan-ila informed him that she was in charge of several old women, the chief among them being old Barl, Listah's wife, and by her help he fancied he could obtain access to his betrothed. The plan perfected, the next thing was to act.

After unfolding his scheme to the others he exchanged garments with Jan-ila and rubbed earth upon his face to darken his complexion, and buckling his revolver upon him ascended the ladder. All was still and motionless, probably in a sound sleep, in the doorway, but he cautiously and silently closed the door and as noiselessly climbed the next ladder. There were three stories to the temple, each with its ladder, which creaked under his weight as he climbed them. On the top, at the sacred space wherein stood the temple, he saw Ikilapel standing motionless. The old priest seemed lost in meditation, but he heard the sound of an approaching visitor and yet turned not until Eric laid a hand upon his shoulder. Then he started, for he recognized Eric, and grasping his hand cried:

"Ah, my brother! It gives me strength and hope to see you, although I knew you were safe."

"Yes, safe, dear friend, and we will crush this rattlesnake, Chalpa. I never see tomorrow's sun sets. I am going to send word to Kulcan to be firm and yield nothing to Chalpa, and I think we are going to come out victors even more easily than you expect. Chalpa is the one man we need bother about. When he is out of the way the rest may be managed. But, old friend, you must take some rest, for you will need your strength tomorrow. It is now late."

"Yes, it grows late, but, see, the people crowd outdoors; they will not go to their beds; they cannot sleep."

"All the better I can pass among them unnoticed, for I am going to Lela to send her to Kulcan."

"It is a dangerous errand," said Ikilapel.

"Not very. Even were I recognized I don't think any man would stop me. I carry many lives in my hand, Ikilapel, and they know it. But go to bed and sleep, for we are safe."

He went down the broad, graded descent and reached the ground unobserved. There was nobody near the temple, the priests were busy preparing for the festival on the morrow or about to seek rest. Farther on the people sat in groups about their doors or upon the low walls or roofs. Those among whom he passed glanced at him, but Jan-ila's blanket was close up about his ears, and they did not recognize him. He reached Lela's door and saw that a light burned within. he halted, at a loss how to summon Bari forth, but at that moment Eliza, now a large girl, came from the spring with a jar of water upon her head, and was about to enter the house when he stopped her.

"Maiden, is Bari, the wife of Listah, within?"

"Yes," she answered, looking sharply at him, but not knowing him, for his face was strange to her and dark.

"Tell her, child, that one is here with a message from Listah, who would see her at once."

She went in and in a moment old Bari came out. There

...County Times
...EVERY FRIDAY.

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The Keem County Mirror

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class matter.

Smethport, Pa., February 17, 1893

CLUBBING RATES.

We will send the MIRROR and any paper or magazine mentioned below for one year, to any address, as follows

The MIRROR and New York *Tribune* for $1 25
The MIRROR and Philadelphia Weekly *Press* $1 50
The MIRROR and Albany Weekly *Journal* $1 30.
The MIRROR and Pittsburg *Chronicle* $1.20
The MIRROR and *Philips Library of Fun*, monthly for $1 60
The MIRROR and Harrisburg Weekly *Patriot* for $1 75
The MIRROR and New York *World* for $1 80
The MIRROR and *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for $2 00
The MIRROR and American *Economist* for $2 00
The MIRROR and *Demorest Family Magazine* for $3 10
The MIRROR and *National Tribune* for $2 00
The MIRROR and *Scribner's Magazine* for $4 40
The MIRROR and *Home Market Bulletin* for $1 50

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Court this week

—Election next Tuesday.

Vote the straight Republican ticket

Blodgett worth & Co's advertisement changes this week

Note the change in I Emery Jr & Co's ad in this issue

—This winter seems to have an uncommonly cold backbone

—Eleven weeks of sleighing is the record thus far this winter

Dust and now the devotees of society can have a much needed rest.

A gentleman's leaf applied to a bruise is said to be healing in its effect

O S Gridley is painting and otherwise improving the interior of his store

The fee of the taxi is pretty expensive when the price of gas is doubled in three weeks.

Dr Crail is read about and attend Adams & Co's special sale on carpets at Olean

Some people get their skates on when the ice is good, more get them on when over the fit takes them.

On account of the illness of Mrs Keem the supper advertised for this evening has been postponed

Young ladies sometimes send fancy valentines to themselves It does them no harm and easily way to others.

An exchange which is evidently settled by a married man says there is nothing so sure as a mistaken woman.

The Talbot Mill Society will serve supper at the reading room of Rev P E Hinks, on Friday Feb 24, from 6 to 8 p m

The Wetzell public schools have been closed by order of the board of health on account of the prevalence of scarlet fever.

—Lottie Dewar aged six years, died at the home of her mother on Green street in this borough, on Wednesday morning of heart trouble

—Let every citizen go to the polls next Tuesday and express their choice This is not only a privilege, but a duty that all should perform

No matter what your politics may be vote in favor of the sewer. It is a duty you owe to yourself and your family as well as the borough

—But a few more days now mark the attack like June 4 the old pris n pen at Andersonville The grounds are owned by the Grand Army of the Republic

A very pleasant pre lenten party was given at the opera house on Tuesday evening by the Smethport Dancing Club The Heath Brothers furnished the music

—Services in the M E Church next Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour Epworth League at 6 30 subject, Sitting at David's feet" Every body welcome

—The ticket placed in nomination at the Republican caucus is a strong one Every candidate is worthy of and should have your hearty support Vote the straight ticket

—A large party of Smethportians went to Gulston Tuesday evening and attended the dance given by the young people of that place They report a delightful time

Vote for P M Fuller for Justice of the Peace He needs the office and will be worthy will it. He is an old and esteemed citizen, and should be honored with the office he seeks

—Remember the question of bonding the borough for building the trunk sewer It is a sanitary measure that every man of family should endorse Vote in favor of the trunk sewer

—The whist club was handsomely entertained at the residence of Mr and Mrs J W Bouton, King street, Tuesday evening It was the last meeting of the Club until after Lent

—Young ladies receive high priced valentines put them on their mantels and forget all about them The penny ones they get they secrete in their pockets, and brood over for six months or more.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. F W Brownell, on Sunday last, twins—a boy and girl On Tuesday the parents joy was clouded by the death of the little girl They have our sympathy in their misfortune.

—Mrs M Dunn, of Sweden Valley, in a letter of inquiry, says, "I do not know how to get along without the MIRROR and Philadelphia *Press* They have always been taken for me, being my especial favorites."

—It is well to have a World's Fair in America occasionally, to give foreigners an opportunity to return to this country some of the $100,000,000 which Henry Clews says Americans spend abroad every year

—A new and improved Gordon job press was recently added to the MIRROR job department and last week we received a large invoice of new type and now we are better prepared to do your job printing than ever.

—Porterej Irschalskowskolowski is a San Francisco cabinet-maker, and Porterje Znaschalskomskeskowlowski is a Suffolk boiler maker. Their names consolidated would make a first class clothes-line.—*Omaha Bee.*

—The Hotel LaMont, at Kane, Pa., is now one of the handsomest and most luxuriant hotels in Northern Pennsylvania. Its proprietor, Rick Donovan, Esq., possesses every qualification for a successful landlord. No more genial gentleman lives.

—On Saturday night last the snowy counters were out in full force. Beaumont's hill was a glare of ice and sufficiently dangerous to make the sport keenly enjoyable. That we are not called upon to chronicle some severe accidents is to be wondered at.

—Henry Ward Beecher was subject to occasional lapses of memory, and it is told of him that he once made an announcement from the pulpit in this way "Next Sunday the pulpit will be occupied by—by my son-in-law. I can't remember his name just now, but we call him Sam."

—During the past two weeks an unusual press of job work has prevented our giving this paper the attention it should have, and as a consequence many items of interest have been overlooked We are now over the great rush and will again give our readers the usual amount of local and general news

The Ladies Columbian Club, previously called the Physical Culture Club, are now fully organized, having adopted very appropriate suits for their athletic practice At present they meet once each week The benefit and enjoyment derived by this club make it one of the pollitest in existence

It is a strange fact that while paper is being used for dozens of purposes formerly monopolized by wood, or even a harder material such as ear wheels, horses, barrels, tubs, pails, etc., wood is rapidly driving other ingredients to the wall in the manufacture of nearly all the cheaper grades of paper

Because a preacher stood in the water up to his arm pits in a creek in Lancaster county recently, when the mercury was below zero, and baptized seven converts, the Connecticville Courier remarks something about sending missionaries to foreign lands and arresting people for cruelty to animals.

—The house into which Lincoln was carried after the assassination, and in which he died possesses such historical interest that Congress has been petitioned to establish it as a permanent memorial The amount that would be required for the purchase of the residence and additional relics is estimated at $50,000

—A silly custom from which "progressive readers in our town and vicinity are slowly emerging," a card game similar to the first named, is the last. Names are given to the players to indicate the number of points won. At the conclusion of the playing, some one of the assemblies are auctioned off and boons are given in payment for the articles. The usual mirth and refreshments are employed and on taking their departure everybody votes that a "lovely time was had."

—The Epworth League has in preparation an entertainment which no doubt will to be the most popular of any ever given in Smethport. On Monday evening, Feb. 27th, there will be held in the M E church an entertainment the principal feature of which will be a debate between Mrs Bertha M. Howe of Bradford, the famous Woman Suffragist, Secretary of the State Woman Suffrage Club, and Attorney E. R. Moyer of this place, on "Woman Suffrage." We understand a large delegation from Bradford is coming over to witness this "battle of the giants" as well as several loads from Mt. Alton and other neighboring towns. There are many other interesting features of the program which will be announced later We await with interest the coming event.

—A N Y. paper says "Even in a street car it is not always safe to judge from appearance of A gentlemanly looking, fashionably dressed young man sat in the corner of a fifth avenue car, against his knee rested a cane and an umbrella. Enter tall and splutterly looking woman, somewhere in the 40's with soapy black eyes and a manner Splatter had a large bundle, gentleman in corner, in polite way said, "If you will permit me I will hold your package for you." Thank you, I can hold it myself," was the answer If I can't get a seat, I guess I can stand Gentleman got red in the face, but said nothing About a mile further on gentleman gets out using cane and umbrella for crutches, and with the aid of the conductor, game leg And snappy spinster has the grace to blush, also."

Don't fail to read about and attend Adams & Co's special sale on carpet at Olean

OBITUARY

Mrs Corinna M Bennett died at the residence of her son in law, Hon A R. Armstrong, in this borough, on Tuesday morning last, about 8 o'clock, aged 77 years

Mrs Bennett has not been well for months past, but she has not been considered by her friends as dangerously ill until the last few days when she became worse and passed away as above stated.

Mrs Bennett was a native of Connecticut, but she has resided in this county for many years, and was a resident of Allegany for a number of years. She was the wife of David R Bennett, who for many years was proprietor of the popular hostelry known as the Bennett House of this borough Subsequently Mr Bennett sold out his interests here and moved to Port Allegany where he died some 10 years ago After his death Mrs. Bennett returned to Smethport where she has since resided She leaves six daughters, Mrs Carrie Armstrong, Mrs Ambrosia Crandall Mrs Flora Hogarth Mrs Franklin Mason Mrs Nell Gifford and Miss Ida Bennett and one son, Mr Fred R Bennett. Her other relatives in this locality are quite numerous She was a sweet, lovable character, and her death is mourned by the whole community The funeral was held at Fordyce on Thursday after noon at the Episcopal church, Rev J H McCandless officiating The remains were interred in Rose Hill cemetery

A New Kind of Lemonade

"I learned a new thing," said a woman recently, while visiting last week an English friend of mine who is living in this country We had a small dance one evening of my stay, and my hostess served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank I spoke of it the next day and she told me it was made with freshly boiled water—the secret, she said, of thoroughly good lemonade.

"I have a regular rule, she further informed me, which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside this I cut into pieces put with the juice and powdered sugar of which I use two ounces to the quart, in a jug or jar with a cover When the water is just at the tea point, I pour it over the lemon and sugar cover at once, and let it get cold I try this way once and you will never make it any other way — *N Y Times*

Its Pain to be an Editor

The portion of the public which has never been a country editor will gain knowledge by reading what Editor Jones of the Bear Lake *Record* says Thus far through our journey with the Bear Lake *Record* we have enjoyed very good health, and have prospered as best we could What the future will sort out for us is impossible to state Many times our pathway has been obstructed, the last smoked herring roasted over the fire and the children gathered around us asking why they cannot have the necessaries of life and appears like their associates. Little do they understand or realize as yet what constitutes the life of a country editor, but they have partially learned that we are at the mercy of the people.

Don't fail to read about and attend Adams & Co's special sale on carpet at Olean.

No Cure Failure.

As soon as the disease is felt, put directly over the spot a blister of Spanish fly, about the size of a thumb nail, and let it remain the six hours, as the expiration of which time directly under the surface of the blister may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or lancet. The above is a cure for lone felons. To cure ordinary stir half a teaspoonful of water into one ounce Venice turpentine with a rough stick until the mixture appears like ropy stick until the mixture appears like ropy sheep Wrap a good cooling of it around the finger with a cloth If the felon is only recent, the pain will be removed in six hours.

The Answer

Following is the answer to the riddle published in the MIRROR on the 27th of January, furnished by Mr. Erastus Curtis. A bone A bone is every fashion can be found, oblong, crooked, hollow, straight and sound; in beast, in fields, in both upon the deep; and all are well content their bones to keep. All sorts of people, rich, poor, short, tall, need bones to help them, either large or small. Take B from bone, and then you have but one, which every one knows is next to none. Mr. Curtis also furnishes the correct answer to the other riddle, published the same day. The answer is the letter H.

WANTED—A competent girl for general house work. Small family; must be a good cook; wages $2.50. Address P. O. Look Box 92, Smethport, Pa

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

Doing of Interest Gathered from Various Sources by the Mirror Reporters.

Bert Christley was down from Colegrove Wednesday.

W. W. Brewer, of Mt. Jewett, was in town on Wednesday.

C. J. Lane, of Bradford, was at the county seat on Monday.

Matt Snyder, of Port Allegany, was at the county seat Thursday.

Miss Lily Tracy spent Sunday with her brother, T. A. Tracy, at Olean.

Hon A. G. Olmsted was on the bench with Judge Morrison this week.

John Lynch, of East Smethport, visited Buffalo the first of the week.

Attorney P. R. Cotter, of Eldred, was in attendance at court this week.

Attorney S. W. Smith, of Port Allegany, had business in town this week.

H S Bartwell, of Olean, was shaking hands with Smethport friends yesterday.

Dr and Mrs. W W. Blau, of Port Allegany, drove to the county seat yesterday.

Miss Hannah Brooder visited her sister, Mrs. Mattimore, of Bradford, this week.

Attorney G. L. Roberts and wife, of Bradford, were at the county seat Monday.

Jas. A. Lindsey, Bradford's affable City Clerk, was at the county seat, on Monday last.

A D. Rice, of Eldred, was in town on Saturday last and made the MIRROR office a pleasant call.

Charley Richards, who is employed at Hazlehurst, spent Sunday with friends in this borough.

Miss Anna Tracy, of Buffalo, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mr Jas A Tracy, of East Smethport.

Leon Hogarth and wife of Coudersport attended the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs Corinna Bennett.

Mrs J A. Verdon and son, Herby, have been confined to the house for several weeks with tonsilities.

Rev E E Helms, pastor of the M. E. Church, is enjoying a much needed rest, and is visiting friends in Cincinnati.

Mrs. R J. Sharp, of Eldred, was the guest of Mr and Mrs J A. Verdon the forepart of the week, returning Thursday

Will Gifford an I wife attended the band boys dance at Quintoo last Friday night and report it as being a most successful affair

Frank N Taylor, of Smethport, proprietor of the Grand Central Hotel, was in the city last Saturday —*Port Allegany Reporter.*

Gus Doyle and Misses Kate Mahoney and Sarah Ducey, of Sartwell, attended the Dancing Club's pre-lenten party on Tuesday evening

Mrs E Wilson, who has been a guest of her sister, R J Bush, left for her home at Johnstown last Thursday after a three weeks visit.

Mrs. Flora Hogarth, and Edward R. Bennett, of Coudersport, attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Corinna Bennett, on Thursday

Rick Donovan, the genial host of the Hotel La Mont, Kane, was in town on Monday last, and favored the MIRROR office with a pleasant call.

Richard H Camp and wife of Port Allegany, drove to the county seat Monday. While in town Mr Camp made the MIRROR office a pleasant call.

Mrs. W D Gallup and Mrs. T A Morrison, gave a very pleasant progressive whist party at the residence of W D Gallup on Thursday evening of last week

Attorneys R. B. Stone, W. W. Brown, W B Chapman, F W Hastings, H. H. Byles, J M McClure, Eugene Mullin and T F. Mullin, of Bradford, were in attendance at civil court this week

Dr John Clark left Tuesday for a two weeks visit with friends at his old home in Canada. The Doctor since his residence among us has made many friends who unite in wishing him a pleasant visit and a safe return.

Mr O T. Chase of Smethport, who is a first-class mechanic and an experienced builder, began work last Monday on the Armstrong opera house. Mr. Chase will remove his family here in the Spring. He is of the class of American workingmen who are a benefit to any town they locate in, and it gives us pleasure to welcome him to Johnsonburg.—*Breeze*

Mr O W Christie, of Buffalo, was in town yesterday in the interest of the daily and *Illustrated Express* of that city and made the MIRROR office a call. Mr. Christie hopes to secure a good reliable agent for the sale of the daily *press* Ross Knapp will still retain the agency for the best of all papers coming to Smethport, viz The *Illustrated Express*

Railroad Fare Free.

On Monday Feby 20th, Geo B Adams', of Olean, N. Y., will begin the greatest sale of carpets ever attempted in this section of the country Mr. Adams was a buyer at the great auction of Henry Sample's sons & Co., on Dec 6, 7 and 8. His purchases were 480 rolls, about 25,000 yards, mostly Moquettes and Axminsters, and it will take $15,000 00 to clean money to pay this bill, and for the double purpose of turning them into money as rapidly as possible and bringing you into the largest, cleanest and best stocked carpet room in this section of the country, we will offer them at the following prices

Very best Moquette Carpets, full line, elegant designs and colorings, at 90c per yard.

Best Axminsters, beautiful patterns, at $1.23 per yard.

Axminster Velvets worth $1.50 at 99c per yard.

Very best 10 wire Tapestry Brussels, Smith's and Roxbury's at 70c.

Large line of extra fine Brussels, splendid designs, at 50c per yard.

Large lot of Tapestry Brussels in bright colors and choice patterns, at 39c per yard

Many very choice bargains not mentioned here. These special prices are for cash only, but we will make up and store the goods and ship when you wish. I require one fourth (¼) of the bill is paid when I take your order, balance on delivery of goods.

Our out of town friends and customers will be dealt with most liberally as follows:

To purchasers of $20 to $30, railroad ticket free to return home.

To purchasers of $40 to $50, railroad ticket free both ways.

To purchasers of $100 or over, free travel both ways, and an order for a first-class dinner.

With our force (4) immense carpet rooms at Olean, Middletown, Newbury and Albany, N. Y., we are certainly in position to do you good on carpets.

This sale closes on March 4th, at 9. P. M.

GEO. B. ADAMS & CO.,
Olean, N. Y.

Special Line of Schumacher's Akron, Ohio, Flour.

200 barrels in sacks at the following prices: Excelsior 70 cents, Peerless 80 cents, Gem $1.00, Cascade $1.05, Snowflake $1.10.

150 barrels in wood as follows: Excelsior $1.25, Peerless $1.65, Gem $4.00, Cascade $4.25, Snowflake $4.50.

Every pound of flour guaranteed to please you. This is a big bonanza to anyone needing flour.

J. W. KRATZ, The Cash Grocer,
117 Union St., Olean, N. Y.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS CURED.

An Old Case Successfully Treated.

The symptoms are: Roaring, cracking in ears, with gradually increasing difficulty in hearing. If not cured the hearing will be entirely destroyed. When the case has not gone too far before the treatment is begun Pe-ru-na will cure every case. It is only after the catarrh has destroyed portions of the middle ear that Pe-ru-na fails to cure.

Mr. Frederick Bierman, of McComb City, Miss., had chronic catarrh very badly for many years. The disease finally passed up into the middle ear and had almost destroyed his hearing He has been taking Pe-ru-na but a short time, and his catarrh is very much better, and he hears again as well as any one.

Send for a free copy of the "Illustrated Ills of Life" sent free by the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co., of Columbus, Ohio.

Fashion's Echoes.

Heavy velvet has hardly any pile at all and looks as if it had been ironed.

Flounces graduated in width and three to seven in number are seen on some of the new dresses. They are finished with the old fashioned blind stitched rolled hem and separated from one another by graduated spaces.

Velvet has not for a long time been in such high favor as at present for entire gowns as well as for part of the bodice and sleeves.

A new hair piece is a feather like that worn by Mephistopheles in his cap sprinkled with diamonds.

Evening gloves are seen in the most delicate shades of pink, heliotrope, lemon and pale blue and green.

"Penitential violet," as it is called, is now freely mixed with green of the watercress tone, and forms a unique combination of colors in costume.

The Bazaar
SAME PRICE BROADWAY

Successful Sale.

Our ladies' muslin underwear sale has broken the record. Almost every lady that visited the Bazaar the past week—though with no intention of buying muslin underwear bought either a chemise, a drawer, night gown, skirt or corset cover, they know that they cannot buy the muslin for what we are selling the garment all ready made, and made in the best style at that.

Bleached and Unbleached Cottons.

For one week only we'll sell 50 pieces yard wide, unbleached cotton, standard quality, very heavy and fine, sold usually at 8c, for the yd. 25 pieces fruit of the loom, sold usually at 10c for 8c yd. As we would like all our customers to have some of the cotton we shall limit the quantity to not more than 15 yards to each customer. Other cottons very cheap for one week.

THE BAZAAR

J. ELOSKEY.

Dry Goods, Cloak and Drapery

HOTEL LA MONT,

RECENTLY ENLARGED.

Fraley St., Kane, Penna.

RICK DONOVAN, - - PROPRIETOR.

The LaMont is located four doors from the depot, and is equipped with all conveniences for the comfort of guests.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23, June Term, 1892.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margie Brobst, by her next friend, Anna Cutler, did, on the twenty-seventh day of June, 1892, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with her said Hiram Brobst.

We therefore command you, the said Margie Brobst, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 6th Monday of Feb. next, to answer the petition or libel of said Margie Brobst and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Margie Brobst, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1893.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 90, October Term, 1892.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Burdick, did, on the 6th day of September, 1890, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you W. M. Burdick.

We therefore command you, the said W. M. Burdick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 6th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Ella Burdick and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Burdick should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
P. W. Cotter, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport Pa., Jan. 30, 1893.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 271, October Term, 1892.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, May E Cleveland by her next friend, G. A. Fenner, did, on the 1st day of September 1892, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Fayette Cleveland.

We therefore command you, the said Fayette Cleveland that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said May E. Cleveland and show cause, if any you have, why the said May E. Cleveland should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 30, 1893.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 90, October Term, 1892.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Rita Burdick, did, on the 6th day of September, 1890, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you W. M. Burdick.

We therefore command you, the said W. M. Burdick, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the 6th Monday of February next, to answer the petition or libel of said Ella Burdick and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Burdick should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy. WALTER GRUBB, Sheriff.
P. W. Cotter, Libellant's Attorney.
Smethport Pa., Jan. 30, 1893.

B.H.&Co.

CASH AND ONE PRICE.

BUFFALO, Feb. 8, 1893.

This store sells shoes as well as dry goods, carpets as well as upholsteries.

SHOE SALE.

The shoe question is important, particularly if you have a family to provide for. We're in a position to sell really good shoes for less money than formerly,—in fact, for less than any one. Manufacturers are doing better each year in response to a demand for better qualities. They seem to strive after our trade, even though we are exacting.

Ten days ago we had the audacity to reduce prices on all shoes in stock over $5. Our idea is to confine values within that limit as an inducement for more trade. A gratifying inducement for more trade. A gratifying compliment underlies the fact that sales already are largely in excess of previous months.

Prices have been permanently changed as follows:

Men's fine calf hand sewed shoes, lace and congress, will hereafter be $2.75 a pair instead of $3.50.

Men's finest calf hand sewed shoes, all sizes and styles, will hereafter be $3.75 instead of $5.

Men's finest patent leather shoes, hand-sewed, lace or congress, plain or piccadilly toe, will hereafter be $4.50 instead of $6.

Men's finest French calf shoes, hand sewed, all sizes and styles, will hereafter be $5 instead of $6.

Ladies finest quality of Burt's and Gray's French kid shoes, absolutely the best made anywhere will hereafter be $5 Never sold for less than $6.

You buy new shoes ever so often, and likely enough pay too little or too much for what you want. Either extreme is bad. We aim to charge just enough to warrant satisfaction all around, and business is growing on that basis.

Just now we are getting in the new shoes for Spring, and most excellent and good looking they are Tips at the toes if you like bright things. Plain toes if your tastes are that way. Wider toes if your feet are tender. Extra wide and extra easy shoes for the older people. And in one or the other a sure fit that'll set to the foot as closely, lightly and daintily as a glove to the hand.

BARNES, HENGERER & CO.

Garfield Tea
Cures Constipation

BLACKSMITHING!

The subscriber has purchased the blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Krueger, on Mechanic street, near Gifford's saw-mill, where he is prepared to do first-class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

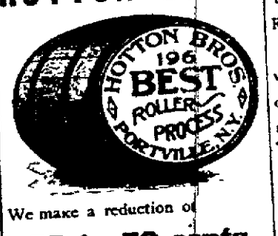
Lumbering Purposes, with Patent Breaks desired.

Can Cure All Ordinary Lameness in Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LILGENDAHL.

Smethport, Aug 6th, 1892.

HOTTON BROS.



We make a reduction of

25 to 50 cents

per barrel in the price of

FLOUR.

Flour is cheaper than it has been in 20 years.

—:o:—

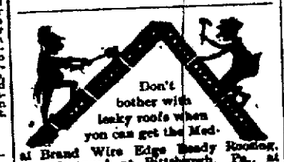
CHICKEN FEED.

We have just unloaded 20 tons of wheat, and it is the best thing for Chicken feed that we have ever had.

—:o:—

Drop a postal card for samples and prices.

HOTTON BROS.,
PORTVILLE, N. Y.



al Brand Wire Edge Ready Roofing, manufactured at Pittsburgh, Pa., at about one half the cost of shingles, and will last a life time.

3-ply Roll covers 100 square feet surface. $1.50.

3 ply Roll covers same amount of surface. $2.00.

Any amount furnished on short notice. Apply to C. K. BARTWELL, Smethport, Pa.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 50 and 25 cent boxes.

Olean, N. Y. Port, Pa.

SHOES FOR WOMEN.

YOU WANT A PAIR TO-DAY. TRY THE

"TOWER" $3.00.

They will out wear any Ladies' Shoe we handle. We do not claim they are as stylish looking as our $5.00 Shoes but we do claim they are good. Sizes 1 to 8. Widths A to EE. Any one not satisfied with the wear of our Ladies $3.00 shoe we will efund their money.

Send us a mail order. Good shoes only.

BLOODSWORTH & Co.,
OLEAN, N. Y.

(Mention this paper when ordering goods.)

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In this department we are prepared to furnish you with best makes at in the market. We are selling for gents fine wear the celebrated Douglass shoes, in all the new styles and colors for spring

The ladies fine shoes are from the well known factory of Reynold Bros. Utica N. Y. which is a guarantee of both styles and prices.

Our line of school shoes for children in the kangaroo are positively the best thing money can buy, and will wear, and do wear better than any other childs shoe We have the Agency of the above lines of shoes, and a trial will convince you of their superior quality.

CARPETS.

You will want at least two or three new carpets this spring. We have just opened our spring assortment of carpets and effects are more beautiful than ever Prices ranging from 20 cents per yard. Call and see our stock.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Is always complete, we have a new fresh stock of everything in this line, and by buying and selling for cash we are enabled to give you rock bottom prices.

Our other Departments are filled as usual with the best in the market.

Empire Flour $1 per sack, Northern Light $1.10, Acme Patent $1.30, per sack.

STICKNEY, RITCHIE & CO.

It has been truthfully said,

"IT PAYS TO BUY FOR CASH."

It has also been clearly demonstrated

"IT PAYS TO SELL FOR CASH."

These facts have been taught me by the best of all teachers, "EXPERIENCE."

I cannot afford to make my customers pay for a whole page of advertising in this valuable paper, so will speak my little piece in a small one column ad, which I trust is sufficient to point the public in the right direction to

SAVE MONEY

By Buying for Cash at

O. G. YOUNG'S.

I have recently spent several days in New York carefully considering the wants of my many customers I have now in stock a complete variety of articles, both useful and ornamental, suitable for

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

for a man, woman or child.

I will for the next 365 days, commencing to day, Dec 1st, 1892, give a genuine bargain for every $1, $5 $10 or $15 purchase made at my store Remember this opportunity remains open for one year at least, subject to change for the better without further notice, No samples on exhibition, but the genuine articles. We continue to show goods regardless of trouble.

I have already had a call from Santa Claus, and am now ready for a call from you I also have a

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

and keep the best. Respectfully

D. G. YOUNG,

Smethport, Pa ec, 1892 Cor Main and Union Streets.

NATURAL will positively grow hair on a bald head. It's nature's true hair grower, discovered in the Pennsylvania oil fields. Gives a luxuriant growth to the **WHITE** coat in the shoe. The only Natural hair grower in the world. No poisonous drugs, purely a mineral product. Grows mustache and whiskers. Cures Dandruff permanently, stops hair falling out. It is readily absorbed and its use will leave no greasy aftereffect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle, two bottles direct, express prepaid, on receipt of price. Put on the trade only by the **OIL**

WHITE ROCK OIL CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by F. R. FOSTER.

BANKRUPT -:- SALE!

Bankrupt, -:- Bankrupt

Sale of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Valises, which

Must Be Closed Out In 30 Days!

at any price. Now is the chance to get your Winter

CLOTHING

for yourself and children for a little money. Don't lose your chance but buy while the fire is hot. Rather than move the goods we will give the people a chance.

All Goods Regardless of Cost!

The "Live Clothier's" Old Stand,

Reilly Building. SMETHPORT, PA.

Your Favorite Home Newspaper

AND

The Leading Republican Paper of the United States,

ONE YEAR FOR ONLY $1.25

McKEAN COUNTY MINER

gives all the news of Town, County and State, and so much National news as any other paper of its class.

The New York Weekly Tribune

is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the United States and the world. It gives the results of foreign lands in a way that shall be interesting to the family circle, and each week presents a full and complete compendium of the information, of value and importance, that has been published during the week. Its Agricultural, Literary, Political and Miscellaneous departments are conspicuous for brilliancy and ability, and the Market Reports are recognized authority in all parts of the land.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid Pictorial and THE MINER for one year

For only $1.25, cash in advance.

New York Weekly Tribune, regular price per year	$1.00
McKean County Miner, " " "	$1.25
Total	$2.50

WE FURNISH BOTH PAPERS ONE YEAR FOR - $1.25.

Subscriptions may begin at any time.

This is the most liberal combination offer ever made in the United States, and every reader of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER should take advantage of it at once. Address all orders to

L. ROGERS & SON.

SMETHPORT, PA.

LOOK -:- HERE.

Read and Be Wise!

On and after April 15, 1892, the undersigned will give every cash customer trading at his store to the amount of $25 or more choice of one of the following beautiful articles of Silverware free of charge

Silver Plated Sugar Bowl.	Silver Plate Pickle Dish
Silver Plated Butter Dish.	Set Silver Plated Knives
Silver Plated Cream Pitcher.	Set Silver Plated Forks.
Silver Plated Spoon Holder.	

And an article for each additional $25.00 for a period of from six months to one year, thus giving each one of my customers a chance to secure a whole set of Silverware without costing them a penny All goods are sold as cheap as the market will allow. Remember the place, corner of Mechanic and Mill streets

P. D. HOPKINS,

Smethport, Pa., April 14, 1892.

V. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Cor. King and Fulton Sts.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

Keeps an assortment of English and French goods on hand from which to select. Suits will be made up in the latest and most approved Styles, and entire

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

DO YOU VER EAT?

IF SO GO TO

G. W. WILLIAMS & SON,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Where you will always find a full stock of

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats,

FRUITS, VEGETABLES,

GRCOERIES & PROVISIONS,

Feed, Corn, Oats, Middlings, &c., A Specilty.

C. A. BURDICK,

General Insurance Agency,

SMETHPORT, PA.

The following first-class companies represented.

North America, Philadelphia	$3,000,000
Franklin, Philadelphia	3,000,000
Pennsylvania Fire, Philadelphia	500,000
County, Philadelphia	500,000
Hanover, New York	1,875,000
Sun, Fire, London, U. S. Branch	2,500,000
Royal, London	10,000,000
Commercial Union, London	2,500,000

LIFE INSURANCE.

National Life, New York	$1,000,000
Travelers' Accident, Hartford	10,267,000

Also agency for the sale of first-class

Pianos, Organs BANJOS AND SEWING MACHINES.

All sold for cash or on installments. Orders by mail promptly attended to and correspondence solicited

DRUGS.

Patent Medicines,

Stationery,

Fancy Goods.

DRUGGISTS' -:- SUNDRIES.

Prescriptions promptly filled.

H. C. WELLS, - Smethport, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS, local and traveling, at once to introduce our Commercial Forms, Blanks and Tracts. Salary or commission. Permanent positions. No canvassing required. Most liberal references as to character and ability required. CHARLES H. CHASE, Boston, Mass. Mention this paper.

Summons in Partition.

M'KEAN CO. VT. No. 11, January Term, 1892.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said County, greeting

If O. W. Campbell, E. W. Campbell and J. W. Campbell, partners doing business as O. W. Campbell & Co., and Campbell, Bates, Hall & Co., owners of four-fifths of the following tract of land, viz: Four hundred and thirty-four acres of land, more or less, situate in Sergeant township, McKean county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the line between lands of Common Pleas Grant to Isaac Wilcox, Monday of January, 1796, and land of Thomas Campbell, thence south 87 degrees west 100 perches to a post, thence south 3 degrees east 100 perches to a post, thence north 87 degrees east 100 perches to a post, thence north 3 degrees west 100 perches to the place of beginning, containing 434 acres and allowance, and being the same land conveyed to O. W. Campbell, E. W. Campbell and J. W. Campbell, partners doing business as O. W. Campbell & Co., by Thomas Campbell and wife, by deed dated March 1, 1882, and recorded in McKean county Deed Book No. 57, page 1, and also the undivided one-half part of the following tract of land